

The history

Hell. Commend me to your neece.

Pand. I will sweet Queene.

Sound a retreat.

Par. I heere come from the field: let vs to Priames Hall
To greete the warriors. Sweet *Hellen* I must wooe you,
To helpe vn-arme our *Hector*: his stubborne bucles
With this your white enchanting fingers toucht;
Shall more obey then to the edge of Steele,
Or force of Greekish sinewes: you shall do more
Then all the Iland Kinges, disarm great *Hector*.

Hell. Twil make vs proud to be his seruant *Paris*?
Yea what he shall receiue of vs in duty,
Giues vs more palme in beauty then we haue.
Yea ouershines our selfe.

Par. Sweet aboue thought I loue her?

Exeunt.

Enter. Pandarus Troylus, man.

Pand. How now wher's thy maister, at my Cousin *Cressida*?

Man. No sir stayes for you to conduct him thether.

Pand. O heere he comes: how now, how now?

Troy. Sirra walke off.

Pand. Haue you seene my Cousine?

Troy. No *Pandarus*, I stalker about her dore
Like to a strange soule vpon the Stigian bankes
Staying for wastage. O be thou my Charen,
And giue me swift transportance to these fieldes,
VWhere I may wallow in the lilly beds
Propos'd for the deseruer. O gentle *Pandar*,
From *Cupids* shoulder plucke his painted wings,
And flye with me to *Cressida*.

Pand. VWalke heere ith' Orchard, Ile bring her straight.

Troy. I am giddy; expectation whirles me round,
Th'imaginary relish is so sweete,
That it inchaunts my sence: what will it be
When that the watry pallats taste indeed
Loues thrice repured Nectar? Death I feare me
Sounding distruction, or some ioy to fyne,
To subrill, potent, tun'd to sharp in sweetnesse
For the capacity of my ruder powers;
I feare it much, and I doe feare besides.

The

of Troylus and Cresseida.

That I shall loose distinction in my ioyes
As doth a battaile, when they charge on heapes
The enemy flying.

Pand. Shees making her ready, sheele come straight, you
must be witty now, she does so blush, and fetches her wind so
short as if shee were fraid with a spirite: Ile fetch her; it is the
prettiest villaine, she fetches her breath as short as a new tane
sparrow.

Troy. Euen such a passion doth imbrace my bosome,
My heart beats thicker then a feauorous pulse,
And all my powers do their bestowing loose
Like vassalage at vnwares encounting
the eye of maiesty.

Enter pandar and Cressida.

Pand. Come, come, what need you blush?
Shames a babie; heere shee is now, sweare the othes now to
her that you haue sworne to me: what are you gone againe,
you must be watcht ere you be made tame, must you? come
your waies come your waies, and you draw backward weele
put you ith' filles: why doe you not speake to her. Come
draw this curtaine, and lets see your picture; alas the day?
how loath you are to offend day light; and twere darke youd
close sooner: so so, rub on and kisse the mistress; how now
a kisse in fee-farme: build there Carpenter, the ayre is sweet.
Nay, you shall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The fault-
con, as the tercell: for all the ducks ith' riuer: go too, go too.

Troy. You haue bereft me of all wordes Lady.

Pand. Words pay no debts; giue her deeds: but sheele be-
reave you ath' deeds too if she call your activity in question:
what billing again: heeres in witnesse whereof the parties in-
terchangeably. Come in come in Ile go get a fire?

Cres. Will you walke in my Lord?

Troy. O *Cressida* how often haue I wisht me thus.

Cres. Wisht my Lord? the gods graunt? O my Lord?

Troy. What should they graunt? what makes this pretty ab-
ruption: what to curious dreg espies my sweete lady in the
fountaine of our loue?

Cres. More dregs then water if my teares haue eyes.

Troy. Feares make diuels of Cherubins, they neuer see truly.